

# Dis-inte(rest)grate

Isn't it *interesting*

how the ghost of innocence

passes

and turns

and falls back into place

to the place where no one goes

where the skin itches

frays

and irates

Isn't it *fluid*

the sense of

familiarity

dis

jointed

to the advent

of another

facet

of being

of discovery

of the wicked

of foible

of defect

of

imperfection

that never seems

quite able

to resolve itself

Isn't it *truth*